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AN EPITHALAMIUM UPON THE Happy MARRIAGE

Of the Right Honourable

The Earl of *ORRORE Y*,

WITH HIS

Right Honourable and Vertuous LADY

The Lady *Elizabeth Cecil.*

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Humbly presented by

Rich. Spencer.

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EPITHALAMIUM;

OR,

Congratulatory POEM

ON THE

Happy MARRIAGE, &c.

NO greater Comfort to well-minded Men,
Then 'tis to Love and be belov'd again;
Love is the Paſſion that doth all Comptrole,
And of all other moſt becomes the Soul:
'Tis the beſt part of Heav'n we have on Earth,
From whence at firſt its Origin took Birth,
Being the only Atlas of the World,
Which otherwiſe to Chaos would be Hurld;

For where 'tis not, there nothing present is,

But, Envy, Hatred, Loves Antipodies,

Which doth unhinge the Man in ev'ry part,

Till all his Bowels burst, and Life depart:

Oh! Love how Potent and how Great thou art,

The great Possessor of each noble Heart:

What's he that doth not feel thy Power, what Wit

So deep, and piercing, as to Fathom it,

Which none on Earth can do; but who so knows

How thou dost Men to Vertuous Deeds dispose,

And how the Dying Heat of Lawless Fires,

Looks pale and trembles at thy chaste Desires;

Will say in Matrimony thou alone,

Hast now Established thy Sacred Throne:

Pardon me then, if a mean Author, one

That is not, nor deserves not, to be known;

Presumes in this blest Celebrated Time,
To greet your Happiness in humble Rhyme.
Of all Men his is the most pleasing Life,
Whom Heav'n hath favour'd with a virtuous Wife;
Whose Love is with a chaste, but chearful Flame,
Resolv'd in ev'ry Change to be the same,
That keeps Content at home, and shuts out Strife,
The only Cordial that lengthens Life,
Which is a miracle in some few Crown'd,
Exceeding all in Roman Legion found,
Lodg'd not in Art, but Natures freshest Charms,
And brought unsully'd to the Bridegrooms Arms.
Nor is Heaven only to her Person kind,
She is as nobly furnisht in her Mind;
Good-natur'd, Pious, Affable to all,
And free from Pride, as *Eve* before her Fall.

But

But as this Bleſſing, Sir, which you poſſeſs,
Could not, [your worth conſider'd] well be leſs,
Since to your ſelf ſuch gifts Heav'n doth impart,
As are enough to charm a Female Heart.
'Tis no great wonder then, you're brought to th' ſhore,
Where Worlds of Golden Love are kept in ſtore;
And where both unconcern'd, may ſit and ſee,
The wrecks of Marriage from all danger free:
For where the ſacred Tye of Love doth join,
With that of Conjugal Reſolve, the knot's Divine.
There Humane Life in ſtreams untroubl'd flows,
No murmuring Sound of Perturbation knows,
But fed with daily Bleſſings, glide away,
With an all-moſt inſenſible Decay.
Thus when I let my Meditations fly,
And give them Wings to take their Liberty,

'Tis

'Tis to expreſs thoſe crowded Joys I ſee,
Which doth Attend this bleſt Solemnity,
A wealthy Bliſs which at the Marriage-Tide,
Sets off the Bridegroom, and becomes the Bride,
For while Love's ſacred Muſick charms the Senſe,
All other Sounds are harſh, and give Offence;
Which Balſam-happineſs I here preſent,
In a Re-unction to renew its Scent;
And call thoſe quickning Vertues out which lye,
Not Dead, but Dormant, in their Treaſury.
Where Love is freſh, there Joy doth ne're decay,
When Years are ſpent, 'tis ſtill the Wedding-day;
Therefore I wiſh that She whom you have Choſe,
May make Her chief Diverſion your Repoſe,
And may thoſe Riches which by Her are worn,
(That doth but Darken what they ſhould Adorn;

And that Religious Incenſe which Perfumes
Thoſe perfect ſacred Joys towards which it fumes)
Excuſe that want of Wit my Pen would Pay,
Whoſe Darkneſs is encreaſed by your Day.
Rich things are eaſy Guilt, ther's ſmall Skill ſpent,
Where ev'n the Maſs it ſelf is Ornament;
For was Mans Judgment certain there would then
Be work enough for ev'ry prudent Pen;
But this great Want bereav's us of that part,
Whiles to Admire and Think is all our Art:
At once a Thouſand we can Gaze upon,
But are deceiv'd by the Tranſition;
Each Mortal ſees the Light, but few or none
Can long behold the luſture of the Sun.
What then can I whoſe feeble Quill is toſt,
And in the flux of both your Merits loſt;

Therefore muſt quit this noble Theam, and try
With hearty Wiſh, the Wants of it ſupply.
May both for ever Live, and live in Health,
May no Diſeaſe, no Croſs, nor want of Wealth,
No ſudden Puſh, no grievous Pain or Smart,
Afflict or grieve the Bride or Bridegroom's Heart,
But may kind Heaven your Happineſs conſpire,
And all things club to lengthen your Deſire;
May *Hymen* ſtill your great Content improve,
And kindle in the cooleſt Night your Love:
Ne're may a Tear drop from each others Eye,
And if I had my Wiſh, may neither Die,
At leaſt a ſudden and untimely Death,
Nor yet on Death-bed gaſping lie for Breath;
But, like two Lamps, in Love burn ſtill the ſame,
Till all the Oyl's extinguiſh't by the Flame.

Thus

Thus may your Vertues everlasting be,
Admir'd by all Men as they are by me:
May no rude Blast of Fortune Indispose,
As it has mine, your best and chief Repose;
But may Heaven's Blessings centre in each Breast,
May all the World contribute to your Rest,
Until you find you are compleatly Blest;

Shall be the Continual Prayer

of your most Obedient Servant,

R. S.